Demo-Dog? by AwkwardFudgeball

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Summary: Eleven's never seen a dog. She's only heard Dustin refer to demogorgons as "demo-dogs". So, naturally, when a mutt shows up, there's quite a bit of confusion. *side of Mileven* *complete*

Demo-Dog?

Disclaimer: I don't own ST.

A pretty day wasn't rare in December. A pretty day where El was allowed to tag along with the rest of the crew -well, that seemed like a once in a lifetime opportunity. With that being the case, the lot of them were waiting for the day when that was possible -the first day of Christmas break.

The rules for the guys were simple: be home by ten, and make sure Eleven followed *her* rules, because hers weren't so simple.

"Don't talk to strangers," Hopper told her, "And keep your hat on,"

Eleven nodded, and Hopper went on.

"Keep your tattoo covered at all times. Don't use your powers, even if you think no one is watching.And when you're out in public, your name's Jane. Not Eleven, not even El,"

"I understand," Eleven said, "Can I go now?"

Hopper looked through his slightly frosted windshield, trying to confirm that the figure walking towards the car was, in fact, the Wheeler boy.

"Yeah," Hopper said once he was sure it was Mike, "Have fun, kiddo,"

As Eleven stepped out into the cold, Hopper added, "And no kissing!"

Eleven, of course, hadn't heard him. She was too caught up with the snowflakes settling on the tip of her nose.

That, and she had shut the door before Hopper finished saying the word 'no'.

Mike was watching El with an innocent look of adoration. She smiled whenever a new speck of snow touched her skin; it made Mike's heart melt faster than the snowflakes.

The other four were watching the two from a distance. Lucas opened his mouth to remind them that they'd had plans to hold a snowball fight, but Max saw the movement and grabbed his hand.

"Don't," She whispered, "You'll spoil it,"

Max didn't have to worry about Lucas Mike and El's little moment after that. Dustin, on the other hand...

"Hey, you guys!" He shouted, "It's a dog!"

Eleven's smile quickly faded, her eyes grew wide, and hardly a second later, a park bench was almost off the ground.

"Ele -Jane!" Mike said, and he pulled her to face him quickly. The bench, of course, was now lying a clear ten feet away feom it's original destination.

"Boy, the wind sure is strong today," Dustin said, trying to cover for Eleven.

"No one's even here, Dustin," Lucas told him.

Will chimed in with, "The wind's barely blowing, anyway,"

"What was it?" Mike asked Eleven. He looked worried.

"Dog," El said as she wiped the drop of blood away from her lip. She was looking around nervously, but Mike held both her hands tightly; she couldn't exactly move.

"What's wrong with dogs?" Mike asked her.

"Demo-dogs," Eleven said sternly. There was *lots* wrong with them. Didn't the guys remember those horrible things?

But no one else was panicking. Instead, they were all looking at Dustin.

"Aye, how was I supposed to anticipate this?" Dustin said, throwing his hands up as if he was surrendering.

Mike rolled his eyes with a small grin and turned his attention back to Eleven, "Look, *Jane*, demo-dogs and dogs aren't the same thing at all,"

Eleven looked at him skeptically.

"Here, I'll show you," He said, and he led her to the spot where Dustin was now hugging a thin, black dog with matted fur.

"He's sweet. See?" Dustin said, encouraging El to place her hand on the poor pup.

A few snowflakes fell on the dog's nose, and he shook his head violently. El laughed and she rubbed them off.

"Friend," Eleven said when the dog shoved his muzzle in the crook of her elbow.

Hours later, when the snow was falling too thick for the roads to be safe enough for too much longer, Hopper came to pick Eleven up.

He expected Mike to walk her to the car (which he did), and maybe the others. One thing he *didn't* expect, however, was the soaking wet (and very cold) dog they had in tow.

"Can we have a dog?" Eleven asked.

Hopper almost jumped when the mutt scrambled into his car, slinging mud and melted snow into the car seats.

"He's sweet," El told him, quoting Dustin.

"He also stinks," Hopper said. He had to refrain from pinching his nose.

"But he's *cold*," El argued determinedly, "He needs a home,"

Hopper may be the chief of Hawkins' police, but he had a soft spot for puppy eyes. And right now, both El and that raggled stray were giving him a pair.

"Oh, alright," Hopper said. What in the *world* did he just get himself

into?

He was so bewildered that he didn't even notice the upturned bench and the clean, printless snow around it and the blood on El's white coat.

Eleven considered it a job well done.

I'm actually proud of this one. Whoop?

shoutout to CringeyRen because she told me to write more and I came up with this fabulous trash